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Vol. XXVII.

No. 4.



The

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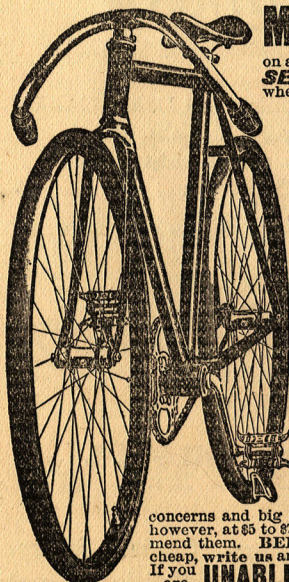
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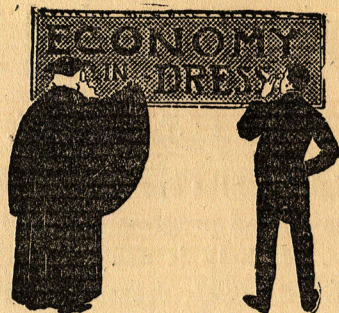
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VOL. XXVII.

JANUARY, 1901.

No. 4.

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Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XXVII.

JANUARY, 1901.

No. 4.

Awakened.

BY E. B. K.

A silent wind harp was my heart
Before love came to me;
Love came; and every vibrant part
Awoke to melody.

Virginians in Modern Fiction.

- I. *Thomas Nelson Page and His Place in American Literature.*
- II. *The Literary Life of Marion Harland.*
- III. *Ellen Glasgow—Her Work and Future.*
- IV. *Mary Johnston's Career in the World of Fiction.*

II.

THE LITERARY LIFE OF MARION HARLAND.

BY H. L. M. B.

BY no means a small part of the literary distinction which Virginia enjoys in these latter days is conferred upon her by the productions which have been given the public from the pen of Mrs. Mary Virginia Terhune, better known as Marion Harland. Born upon Virginia soil, and nurtured in the land which saw her birth, we feel that we can justly call

her our own, and place her, while yet living, among the illustrious stars that have shone to make Virginia more famous.

Mary Virginia Hawes was born in Amelia county in 1836. Her father was a native of New England, and a wealthy merchant, while her mother was descended from a long line of illustrious Virginia ancestry. When still a young girl, the family moved to Richmond, and bought the beautiful old home on east Leigh street, now used as St. Paul's Orphan Home. It was while in Richmond that Miss Hawes's careful education was carried on. Not long ago she published a book of stories, entitled "When Grandmama Was New." Many of the stories deal with this period of her childhood, and, with characteristic tenderness, she recalls many of the scenes and houses and places which went to make up the Richmond of half a century back. The stories are those which she, as a loving mother and grandmother, told to her children and grandchildren, and which she has now written down in book form, that others may read and enjoy. They are interesting, in point of their personality, as revealing the charming simplicity of the author, as well as in giving us an insight into the times when our grandmothers "were new."

As a child, Miss Hawes was precocious, and her literary life began at an unusually tender age, having written for the press when she was only fourteen. In 1854 appeared her first novel, "Alone." Its success was almost instantaneous, and even now, after almost fifty years have elapsed since its publication, it continues to be read, and scarcely any Virginia library can be found which does not number this charming story in its catalogue. It was followed, two years later, by "Hidden Path," and the public began to realize that a real literary genius was to be found in this young Southern author. It was in this same year that Miss Hawes was married to Rev. E. P. Terhune, then pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church, in Newark. Mrs. Terhune, while she at once took up the social and domestic

duties of her married life, permitted no abatement of her literary zeal. In 1857 she published "Moss Side," and then followed a lull in her work, while the storm of Civil War burst over the land. It is not to be supposed, however, that she was idle during all these years, for the war had been ended only a year when she placed upon the market "Husbands and Wives," "Nemesis," which many consider her best work, and "Sunny Bank." Then followed, during the next few years, "Christmas Holly," "Ruby's Husband," and "Common Sense in the Household." Since then Mrs. Terhune's pen has never known leisure. She has written, with untiring energy, for magazines and papers, while scarcely a year passes in which she does not put forth some delightful book. Even at the advanced age to which she has now arrived, she is at work with the same indomitable energy which characterized the work of her younger days, and, apparently, with equally as flattering results.

Three children have blessed her married life, and all of them make some claims to literary distinction. Her only son is on the editorial staff of the *World*, and is winning a name for himself in the journalistic world. Only a few years ago appeared a novel which was the joint work of Mrs. Terhune and her son.

Her latest work, entitled "Literary Hearthstones," is in two volumes—one the life of Hannah Moore, and the other the life of John Knox. While getting together materials for this work, Mrs. Terhune made two trips abroad, in order that she might visit the homes of her subjects, and thus be better able to put herself into the spirit of their lives.

Personally, Mrs. Terhune is a charming and attractive woman. While she has devoted her life to literary work, she has not allowed herself to omit any of the various phases of a woman's life. She is a thorough and diligent housekeeper, applying herself daily to the management of her household affairs. The fact of the matter is that she has been of inval-

nable assistance to many others by the hints she has given for the conduct of a household. She is, at once, a devoted mother and grandmother, a kind and loving friend, and a great and noble character. Many of her warmest friends and a number of her relatives are at present living in Richmond, and it gives pleasure to many hearts when she comes for a visit to the town of her childhood days.

Mrs. Terhune's summers are spent at Pompton Lake, New York, where she busies herself with her pen or works in her little garden. Her winters are invariably passed in New York. She is now living at the Hotel Albert. For years it has been her custom to hold receptions every Monday, and there, around her delightful tea-table, are often gathered together much of the wealth, the beauty, and the culture of the great American metropolis.

Odes to the Old and the New.

BY LEWIS L. JENNINGS.

THE OLD YEAR.

Soft falls the night. Athwart the rosy blush
Of day, fast dying in the hazy west,
The purple peaks loom upward in their might,
And over Nature steals a gentle rest.
Far, far away upon the drowsy hills
The trees lift silhouette forms against the blaze,
While o'er me steals a melancholy thrill,
As when one dreams of happier, fairer days.
And as I stand, I liken yonder brook,
Fast disappearing in a silver veil,
To Life's stream, as it rushes on and winds
Unseen along the Future's mystic dale.

Why am I sad ? The old year's dying fast—

When Phœbus swings again the daily spin

His rising beams will greet a new-born year,

Unknown alike to sorrow and to sin.

I part with thee, old year, as one doth part

In sorrow from one's dear and well-loved friends ;

In thee are buried tender memories :

The grave of some—the birth of other ends.

Dear Year, 'tis something in thy death which seems

The dying of some higher, nobler life ;

A solemn hush pervades the throbbing world,

And stilled alike the sounds of peace and strife.

To some unkind thou'st been ; and yet, withal,

The sorrow and the shadow thou hast brought

Were workings of a higher will than thine—

Whate'er thou gav'st by God's own plan was wrought.

As thou dost tread thy stately way along,

Soon to be named among the silent years,

I heave a sigh, and in my eyes spring fast

Something akin, yet bitterer e'en than tears.

My comrade true, to thee a long farewell—

I would the ceaseless moments could but last ;

But thou, like all, must hurry on and take

Thy place in that chill sepulchre—the Past.

Across dark heav'n a drear gray light doth steal,

As midnight sounds the first of solemn strokes ;

The wind sighs hoarsely through the saddened trees,

And mournfully a dismal raven croaks.

From out the north there comes a roaring gale

And hurls the dull lead clouds back, fold on fold ;

The eleventh tone sounds on my troubled ears—

The story of the year is almost told !

Grim death is come ! Upon the wild wind's breath

The last clear stroke peals of the funeral knell ;

A piercing shriek breaks from the maddened storm—

The year is dead ! Old friend, one last farewell !

THE NEW YEAR.

All hail the glad New Year—all hail!
 With laughter drink the goodly cheer;
 Come, banish sorrow to the grave;
 Greet merrily the new-born year!
 The Past is gone—forever gone—
 And men's eyes quicken in their glance;
 The blood leaps swifter in their veins—
 The fever of the Future's chance!

Then merry-make while yet ye may:
 The old brought cares—what if the new?
 Forget for one short night the past;
 Let life take on a brighter hue!
 O, faster ring the tolling bells,
 Change from the Old Year's funeral tune—
 Let wilder swell the echoing peals
 Far upward to the smiling moon!

All hail the glad New Year—all hail!
 Drink each red bumper to the brim;
 And all join in the rising song—
 The merry New Year's natal hymn!
 Come, banish care, and join with us
 To toast the coming of the year!
 Let wilder, wilder ring the bells—
 Drink deeper of the goodly cheer!

 Lighted Windows.

 BY W. S. McNEILL.

HOW still and desolate is the nightly street! By day
 unrest, bustle, roaring wagon-rattle—a hundred dif-
 ferent noises. We too drive in the stream, thoughtless,
 only intent to come forward and hasten to our goal.

But at night! The heaven-high tenements stretch on

without end; the moist asphalt mirrors the long rows of electric lights; the few half-dried leaves which still persistently cling to the trees rustle softly; the dozing jades, hitched to the waiting cabs, shake their heads wearily, so that the harness rattles. Late home-returners pass, hurrying to the peaceful couch—often a night reveler, who goes unsteadily and sings brokenly, or deeply-muffled women, from under whose mantle pretty faces peep out.

Berlin sleeps! But not entirely. Here and there are bright windows still. Across the way, a white, shining front—one window is open, and music presses itself out as shadows sway past the visible panes. Below, two carriages are waiting. Above, happy souls are dancing. Everything is light, cheerful, and gay—it is the enjoyment of a fleeting moment. In the cellar of the next house is also light. By the cheerless flame there some one is still working to win bread for the next day, or is perhaps something going on which is afraid of daylight and man's eye? Who knows?

Way up there are two feebly-lighted windows. Before the house a hansom is waiting—likely a doctor's equipage. What may be happening behind those screens? Is a human life being slowly extinguished; is some one struggling in despair for the last time; or is, perhaps, a new existence beginning—a new citizen of the earth being ushered in? And behind those windows, where one sees distinctly the shadow of a wife looking down on the street, what is taking place? Is she awaiting the husband, who comes home evening after evening at a later hour? Or a son, who—oh! again—stays out until deep in the night? Is she waiting with beating, longing heart, in mute despair, or in dull, miserable indifference?

A carriage rolls by. But it stops in front of the next door. Two figures descend. A woman in a long white bridal dress, with flowers and a veil; at her side a man in ceremonious black. On the second floor above there is a

festive light. There a new life is commencing now, whose beginning is gorgeous and happy, and whose continuation and end are enveloped in perhaps a kind darkness.

And behind those bright ground-floor windows one hears loud, boisterous talking; behind those dirty bar-room shutters a row and maniacal laughter. The miserably-clothed woman who is standing out there hears it too. She has been waiting a long time, but the one for whom she waits will not come until the light inside is put out and the very last drinker staggers away.

* * * * *

Those are the "Lighted Windows" at night in Berlin.

The Roycrofters.

BY ROBERT N. POLLARD.

UNLIKE most of its predecessors, the socialistic settlement at East Aurora, N. Y., better known as the community of the Roycrofters, has proven a success. But it would be misleading to say that the present work and aims of the Roycrofters are identical with the original conceptions of Elbert Hubbard, their leader. However, no apologies are needed, as many good moves have started as something else. Unconscious of its very beginning, the movement was started by Mr. Hubbard as a means of gratifying his own whimsical dislikes, by publications of ironical remarks about newspaper and magazine editors. Not that Mr. Hubbard really disliked these persons—not at all. These editors were not admired because they had, with continued regularity, returned his manuscripts and sent back his verses. So in 1895 the author determined to publish at his own expense a pamphlet, in which he would make ironical remarks. Strange to say, the first pamphlet sold well, and each subsequent issue increased in popularity

and circulation, until to-day each edition is read by thousands of persons, to whom it is known as the *Philistine*.

The first edition of the *Philistine* was printed in the office of the *Weekly Blizzard*, a newspaper of East Aurora. As the magazine expanded, Mr. Hubbard's whims and ideas as to the printing of the *Philistine* could not be met by the publishing establishment of the *Weekly Blizzard*. Then Mr. Hubbard did a very natural thing, when the fact is considered that he had for many years served as a printer's devil and was thoroughly informed as to all printing devices—he bought a press and determined to publish the *Philistine* himself. Accordingly the amateur shop was set up in his barn, and with the help of a hired boy the author went to work. The circulation grew by leaps and bounds. Soon more labor was needed and employed.

Then, more for his own æsthetic entertainment than hope of material gain, Mr. Hubbard published a book, "The Song of Songs, Which is Solomon's," working the hand press himself and arranging the type, margins, and initials as appeared to him to be in harmony with the spirit of the song. Much to the delight of the author, the edition of six hundred copies was at once exhausted. The venture was no longer an experiment. Other volumes were compiled with equal care, and met with the same flattering success. In the meanwhile, of course, facilities had to be enlarged. Shops were built and more workers employed.

But why tire good people with details? The Roycroft shop now employs one hundred and seventy-five persons, living in and around East Aurora. As a rule, the workers are plain people, who have had very few advantages, or have been lax in accepting those at their disposal. This is the class of persons who gravitate to the shop, where they are given every opportunity to develop their energies. To secure the best possible results, the Roycrofters endeavor to infuse into their work the spirit of good cheer. The shops are built

with this end in view, for play, work, and art are indiscriminately thrown together. The rooms are large and well lighted, the architecture simple, although there are many queer little windows and unexpected places. The walls of the shops are hung with binding skins, handsome tapestries, bronze casts, and quaint pictures.

The Roycrofters are their own builders, and the plans of the buildings are made to conform to their ideas and desires. A phalanstery is in process of erection, where meals will be furnished the workers, and where the families of those more closely connected with the Roycrofters will take their meals permanently. Cooking will be given special attention by persons who will make it a scientific object lesson in hygiene and economics.

The latest architectural achievement of the Roycrofters is the erection of an Assembly Room. Here devotional exercises are held each morning. A hymn, short addresses, a reading from some noted author, and a silent invocation make up the service. There are frequent concerts, in which only Roycroft talent takes part; occasional lectures on art and literature, and night schools in music, art, sketching, and clay modeling are free to all.

Government and discipline are in direct opposition to Mr. Hubbard's theory of life, and consequently the Roycrofters have no rules and no foremen in the shops. One hour is allowed for dinner in the middle of the day, and a fifteen-minute intermission is made in the morning and afternoon for relaxation. Strange to say, the hours for work and recreation are observed by all the workers with the strictest regularity.

No one is turned away from the doors of the Roycroft shops who is willing to work. If one is not successful at one thing, he is changed repeatedly until he finds his work. But this does not mean that every person adheres strictly to one occupation. The contrary is the case,

for when the workers in any one department have nothing to do—as when the printers are out of copy—they go and help in other departments. It is considered an accomplishment to be a skilled workman in several departments. Every Christmas a celebration is had, and prizes are distributed for improvement and general good work.

Mr. Hubbard does not regard the shop as his personal property, but as belonging to the Roycrofters, and accordingly the profits are divided among the workers. The profits accrue more especially from the sale of books, which the Roycrofters are now turning out by the thousands. These books are not sold to book-dealers, and if one wants Roycroft books he has to write direct to East Aurora for them. A postal card will bring to any one, no matter who he is, sample copies of these books for inspection, the Roycrofters paying the expressage both ways.

The books of the Roycrofters are all hand-made, and consequently there are no duplicates. The work is the product of brain and hand in partnership, and there is a quality of sentiment attached to such books that is totally lacking in those turned out from the modern printing press.

But book-making is not the only work of the Roycrofters. A department for the making of tables, desks, and chairs has been established for some time. Ornamental iron work and the making of art pottery is just assuming shape. All these departments had their modest beginnings, but it is impossible to estimate their vast possibilities, and the possibilities of others yet to be established.

The place is called "The Roycroft Shop," after an Englishman named Roycroft, who many years ago printed beautiful books. So this man, the innocent lover of beautiful books, has been justly rewarded by having his name associated with a place that will become a Mecca for literary pilgrims.

When Love Was All.

When twilight shadows around me close,
And the light of the day has fled,
I sit in the darkening solitude
And sigh for the days that are dead.

I sigh for the love that once was mine,
For the hope that filled my breast,
For the gladdening song that rang in my heart,
Stilling its wild unrest.

Then memories softly o'er me steal,
And thoughts of the past arise—
Thoughts of the time when life for me
Was to dwell in the light of your eyes.

Ah, sweetheart, as yesterday I recall
That glorious autumn tide,
When together we plucked the crimson rose
That blossomed and blushed at our side.

The leaves of the forest were tinted with gold,
But the scarlet was also there,
And the odor of wild flowers over the mead
Soft-scented the evening air.

A ray of sunlight stole through the trees
To fondle your silken tresses,
And my blood rushed on in its mad career
At the touch of your soft caresses.

My brain was intoxicated with love
As I crushed your hand in mine,
As I folded close to my throbbing breast
That exquisite form of thine.

As I felt your hot breath fan my cheek
And pressed on your throat a kiss,
Ah, love was the life of it all, dear heart,
Was the source of our perfect bliss.

And love was the blight of it all, sweetheart,
Was the cloud that darkened the skies,
Was the thorn on the stem of the crimson rose,
Making hell of our paradise.

I see you again at a brilliant ball,
The queen of them all were you,
For you gleamed and glowed like a full-blown rose,
Touched with the morning's dew.

Aweary of dancing, we stole away,
Away from the shimmering light,
You and I alone, my love,
Out in the quiet night.

We paused beneath the stately palms
That grew in the garden there,
And strains of dreamy music floated
Out on the still night air.

I see you again in that gown you wore,
A filmy creation of lace;
And I see the poise of your haughty head
In its royal, indolent grace.

I see the curves of your snowy neck,
The mould of your shoulders bare;
As I press the kiss of death upon
The red rose in your hair.

You lean to chastise me with a fan
Of ivory, wrought with skill,
And I catch a glimpse of your bosoms
As they heave and throb and thrill.

The flame in my soul consumes me,
I fold you in close embrace,
As with tremor and sigh in your bosom
I pillow my burning face.

Ah! life was worth living, my darling,
When our love was an endless song,
But the joy of that love was its madness
And the bliss of that love was its wrong.

The crimson rose has fallen,
And its petals are strewing the earth—
And they wither and parch in the genial warmth
Of the sunshine that gave them birth.

So our love was blighted and blasted,
And our hope is a thing of the past,
But my life will be naught but memory
While time and eternity last.

Angleise!

THE University had been closed three weeks, and nothing but memories of my pleasant ocean trip aboard the "Campania" remained. I had decided to spend this summer in Venice—to live the life and breathe the air of the Venetians. I was reclining lazily in the favorite corner of my private gondola, which my father had ordered especially from Belinni, famed for his skill as a maker. It was a light, graceful craft, made of red larch wood. My gondolier was piloting me with native dexterity among the hundreds of gliding crafts. I directed him to a cool spot under an overhanging window grating, heavy with growing vines. A perfume of spice and aromatic tendrils made the place fragrant, and I stopped to meditate for awhile. The rich blue of the sky faded into a violet, a red, and then into the golden of the dying sun-rays. The water-boulevard glided

on before me, scarcely rippling, its surface glowing as molten gold and mingling with the purple rays of the sunset.

A tradesman's craft swiftly passed by, and a crier announced that Garimenno had received a fresh stock of seasoned French wine, and all purchasers should immediately put in their orders. I touched my man, and easily we sped to the wine-shop of Garimenno. I knew that if I were not early, my prospects for a dry summer, with only the hot Venetian waters and inferior wines, were exceedingly roseate.

"Hurry well, my gondolier," I called to the fellow. He smiled an answer, and the nose of the boat was soon shooting in convulsive leaps for Garimenno's landing.

Many boats had moored before I arrived, and the busy hum of Italian tones came to me. I sprang on the wharf, and, stepping in, wrote an order for five cases of Medoc, first growth, made by Hangoa.

Soon my turn came to speak with Garimenno himself.

"The Government has labeled high," he said. "They would draw from me the paltry surplus that is my due."

Garimenno was a Jew—a close, scrutinizing buyer, and no less a careful salesman. He was a lover of money, and every wine-bottle that left his house bore to him its just profit. He was of that race who, in striking a bargain for twelve and a half cents, had rather many times give away the twelve than lose the half. His narrow little room suggested penury, though his coffers had often replenished the failing treasury of the Crown. And now he was complaining of a Government tax, yet he knew full well his newly-arrived cargo would net him a handsome gain.

"It has been in the maker's private cellars for fifty winters, and is sweet and quick. Take six," he added.

"No, I shall leave in the early fall, and five will be quite enough."

"Garimenno," I heard some one call from the rear, and, turning, saw no one. As the wine-dealer left me I saw a

moving among the drapery at the door, and a Venetian girl's dark black eyes flashed. She was nearer me than I had thought. She was late from the bath, and black silken curls fell loosely in groups on her rounded tan shoulders. Her lips were moulded exquisitely, and were as red as the scarlet robe she coquettishly held draped from a brooch at her side. A pretty foot slipped from beneath the robe. She called again :

"Father, come up early to-night; our dance is at 10, and wine and fruit at 12."

The old man came back and told me that his daughter would receive that night, and he would be glad if his American friend would come.

"Don't forget, Garimanno," the same voice cried, as she ran lightly up the steps. He seemed surprised that she had remained behind the drapery, but answered softly, "Very well, Angleise."

I pledged my presence, and was off in my gondola. As I turned the first water street, which was at Garimanno's house, I saw the same black eyes peer from a window above, the same lips smile, and the same red robe move with the wind. A pretty hand waved a farewell, and I fell upon my Turkish pillow, closed my eyes, and whispered, "Angleise."

Considerably after dark I received a note from the hotel boy. I opened it, and, written in Italian, was:

"Garimanno says you will come to-night. Bring a smile for
ANGLEISE."

I cast it on the table, locked my door, and threw myself across the bed. There seemed to be no word in the realm of speech save "Angleise," and some tormenting spirit held her name before me, written in flame. Nothing had ever so bewitched me before. I had read of the coquettes of these Southern parts, but had not conceived that I should ever long so greatly to see a girl as I longed to see this black-eyed Jewess.

In the evening I dressed hurriedly and ran, in my excitement, to my waiting craft. A thousand—yes, a million—lights were reflected on those streets to-night. Every star seemed to have mirrored its double in the water. The lights on the passing gondolas flitted as Jack-o'-lanterns, and I was in a dream-land, it seemed to me. I was anxious for the fellow in the stern to hurry, and would peer, with anxious eyes, into every boat, to see Angleise, if, peradventure, she were out upon the canals at this hour. At 10 I bade my gondolier return at 1, and entered the gaming saloon of a public house, from which there was an easy passage to Garimenno's home.

As I sat in silence at an open casement musing, seeing nothing save the gliding, flowing water before me, a French count, attached to one of the French court representatives, came up, and we fell into conversation.

"Garimenno and his beautiful Angleise will have a festival to-night. The French, English, and American representatives and *attaches* are to be given a feast on Venetian fruit and choice French wine."

"Yes; I am asked to be present," I said. "If you are going, I should be glad if I could accompany you. Venetian life is strange to me, and I should feel better assured with your experience."

"We'll go now," he said.

Soft lights fell in streamers on the water as they sprinkled through the vines on the balcony. The beautiful house of the rich Jew was gorgeously fitted. Everywhere rare vases of translucent stone were filled with fragrant plants, and the floor was glistening, prepared for the merry trippers. As the music played, we began to dance, and long and constantly did we continue. When I was presented to the daughter of the old wine-seller, I asked, in my best Italian, that the pleasure of a dance should be mine. She pressed close to me, as though she were happy. She moved as

pleasant fancies stealing through one's mind, and glided as the passing of happy dreams. Once her head of glistening hair rested on my shoulder, and she whispered that she was tired, and led me toward the balcony. I sat upon the rich divan of silk and down cushion, and Angleise, half-reclining, was by my side. She leaned upon her arm, and her loose sleeve, falling in folds about her fair shoulder, laid bare a well-moulded fore-arm.

"Did you bring my smile?" she asked, and so close was her cheek that her breath came warm.

"Yes, I have brought a very poor one for such a pretty one in exchange." She leaned closer to me, and her dark, heaving bosom filled the yoke of delicate lace. She caught my hand and kissed it, and, with her dark bright eyes fixed upon me, smiled and dropped her head on my neck. Verily, coals could not have burned deeper into my soul than did the kiss of the Venetian girl. I caught her hand and folded both of mine about it as I would about a treasure. She looked far, far away down the flowing street; then turned and softly breathed, in her richest Italian accent, "*Io ta'mo.*"

She had forgotten I spoke English, and spoke what naturally sprang in her mind.

I drew her to me, kissed her red lips, and whispered, "*Io ta'mo, Angleise.*"

The stopping of the music announced the time for the supper, and we, with hands inter-clasped, left the balcony.

Time was nearly up for the holiday to close. The dissipations of the summer were lingering, lingering. Angleise was lovely beyond all, and fair of face and form above the Venetians.

As the low smoke of a craft-shop ascended that day at twilight my gondola was slipping along in the midst of the lowly-graded social section of Venice. To-morrow I was to leave, at least for the winter months. My very heart-strings were strained as I now prepared to tear them from Venice—

from Angleise. But I saw, as I slowly passed along, a handsomely-painted gondola, draped in the richest of silks. It stopped—ah, stopped and moored at a house into whose precincts no Venetian girl enters to return—with spotless gown. From the gondola alighted Angleise.

I turned upon my Turkish cushion, heart-broken, and whispered, “Angleise.”

* * * * *

In my room to-day I have been musing. As I looked into the fire I saw the coal burn up and ascend in smoke. I wonder why the coal ascends in smoke! E. C.

The Address of the Justices of Culpeper.

BY L. L. JENNINGS.

IN LAST summer, while searching among the Revolutionary records of the County Court of Culpeper, the writer came upon the following address. An accurate copy of the document was made, and it is herewith published, with the hope that it will prove of interest, showing, as it does, the unconquerable spirit of liberty which prevailed among the people of Culpeper, and which found expression in such decided language.

None of the great battles of the Revolution were fought on the soil of Culpeper, yet her sons were foremost in the fight, and even now the fame of the Culpeper Minute-Men is fresh in our memory. Not far from the town of Culpeper is the place where the Minute-Men were organized, and where Colonel Marshall, the father of Chief-Justice Marshall, was sworn in as their commander. The future Chief Justice was also a member of this famous command, acting as lieutenant on his father's staff. The house in which Washington's headquarters were located was standing until a few years ago, when it was torn down to make way for improvements.

Coming down to the later days, we find that some of the severest fighting of the Civil War took place on Culpeper territory. Here was fought the fierce battle of Fleetwood, the greatest cavalry engagement of the struggle, and not many miles distant the blue heights of Cedar Mountain rear an eternal monument to mark the site of that death-grapple. Culpeper was the camping ground of both armies, and thousands of the Blue and the Gray sleep the last sleep in her embrace. Many were the combats which took place on her soil, and it has been said of her that "every foot is battle-ground and every mound a hallowed grave." Through this section of country it was that the great partisan chieftain ranged, and the eye of the aged veteran will quicken yet as he recounts the brave deeds of "Mosby and his men."

The histories of few counties in our State approach that of Culpeper in varied and absorbing interest.

Below is given the address referred to :

To the Honorable Francis Fauquere, Esquire, his Majesty's Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony and Dominion of Virginia. The Humble Address of the Justices of the Peace of the County of Culpeper.

SIR :

At a time when his Majesty's Subjects in America are so Universally alarmed on Account of the late proceeding of the British Parliament and the Enemies of America employed in representing colonies in an Odious Light to our Most Gracious Sovereign and his Ministers by the most Ungenerous interpretation of our Behavior, We beg leave to take this Method to assure your Honour of our inviolable Attachment to and Affection for the Sacred person of his Majesty and the hole Royal Family.

And from your honour's well known Cander and benevolent Disposition, we are persuaded that we shall at the Same

Time be permitted to lay before your honour those Reasons which have determined us to Resign the Commission of the peace under which we have been Sworn to Act as Magistrates in this County.

It Seems to be the Unanimous opinion of the people of America (And of a few in England) That the late act of Parliament by which a Stamp Duty is imposed on the Americans and a Court of Vice Admiralty appointed, ultimately to Determine all Controversies which may arise Concerning the execution of the said act, is Unconstitutional and a High Infringement of our most valuable privileges as British Subjects, who we humbly apprehend can not Constitutionally be Taxed without the Consent of our Representatives or our Lives or Properties affected in any Civil or Criminal Causes whatsoever without first being Tried by our peears; and

As the Execution of the said Act Dose in Some Measure Depend on the County Courts, we Cannot *it* Consistent with that Duty which we ——— our Country to be in the Smallest Degree Instrumental in enforcing a law which Consive as in it Self Shaking at the very foundation of our Liberties and if Carried into Execution must Render our Posterity unhappy and our selves contemptible in the opinion of all men who are in the least acquainted with a British Constitution, as we Shall in that Case no longer be Free, but merely the Property of those whom we formerly lookt upon only as our fellow Subjects.

Permit us, Sir, to add That we Still hope his Majesty and Parliament will Change their Measures, and Suffer us to enjoy our antient Privaleges, and if We Should Incur the Displeasure of our Sovereign by thus endeavoring to assert our Rights we should look upon it as one of the greatest Misfortunes which could befall us.

We do heartily and Sincearly wish his Majesty a long and happy reign over us, and that there never may be wanting a Prince of the Illustrious house of Hanover to Succeed him

in his Dominion ; that Your honour may continue to Enjoy the favour of our Sovereign, long Govern the people of this antient and Loyal Colony, and that the People may again be as happy under your mild & gentle Administration as they have formerly been, is what we most ardently Pray for.

N. PENDLETON,
WM. GREEN,
JOHN STROTHER,
BENJAMIN ROBERTS,
HENRY PENDLETON,
W. EASTHAM,
JOSEPH WOOD,
WM. BROWN,

WILLIAM WILLIAMS,
ROBERT GREEN,
THOMAS SCOTT,
JOHN SLAUGHTER,
DAN'L BROWN,
GEORGE WEATHERALL,
AMBROSE POWELL,
HENRY FIELD, JUNR.

At a Court held for the County of Culpeper, on Monday, the 21st day of October, 1765, an Humble address to his honour, the Governor, being this Day Drawn up and Signed by Sixteen of the Gentlemen of the Commission of the peace for this County, setting forth the reason for Determining to resign the said Commission, was presented to Court and Read, whereupon it is ordered that the said Address be entered upon the Records of this County, the original Carefully preserved in the Clerk's office, and that a fare Transcript thereof, together with the Commission of the Peace, by the Clerk Transmitted to his honour, the Governor, by the first convenient Opportunity.

A Copy—Teste: ROGER DIXON, Cl'k.

The Study of Oratory.

BY DR. CHARLES PIERSON.

IN the ancient republics of Greece and Rome oratory was a necessary branch of a finished education. A much smaller proportion of the citizens were educated than among

us, but of these a much larger number became orators. No man could hope for distinction or influence and yet slight this art. The commanders of their armies were orators as well as soldiers, and ruled as well by their rhetorical as by their military skill. There was no trusting with them, as with us, to a natural facility, or the acquisition of an accidental fluency by occasional practice. They served an apprenticeship to the art. They passed through a regular course of instruction in schools. They submitted to a long and laborious discipline. They exercised themselves frequently, both before equals and in the presence of teachers, who criticised, reproved, rebuked, excited emulation, and they left nothing undone that art and perseverance could accomplish.

The greatest orators of antiquity, so far from being favored by natural tendencies—except, indeed, in their high intellectual endowments—had to struggle against natural obstacles, and, instead of growing up spontaneously to their own unrivaled eminence, they forced themselves forward by the most discouraging artificial process. Demosthenes combatted an impediment in speech and an ugliness of gesture which at first drove him from the forum in disgrace. Cicero failed at first, through weakness of lungs and an excessive vehemence of manner, which wearied the hearers and defeated his own purpose. These defects were conquered by study and discipline. He exiled himself from home, and, during his absence in various lands, passed not a day without a rhetorical exercise, seeking the masters who were most severe in criticism as the means of leading him to the perfection at which he aimed.

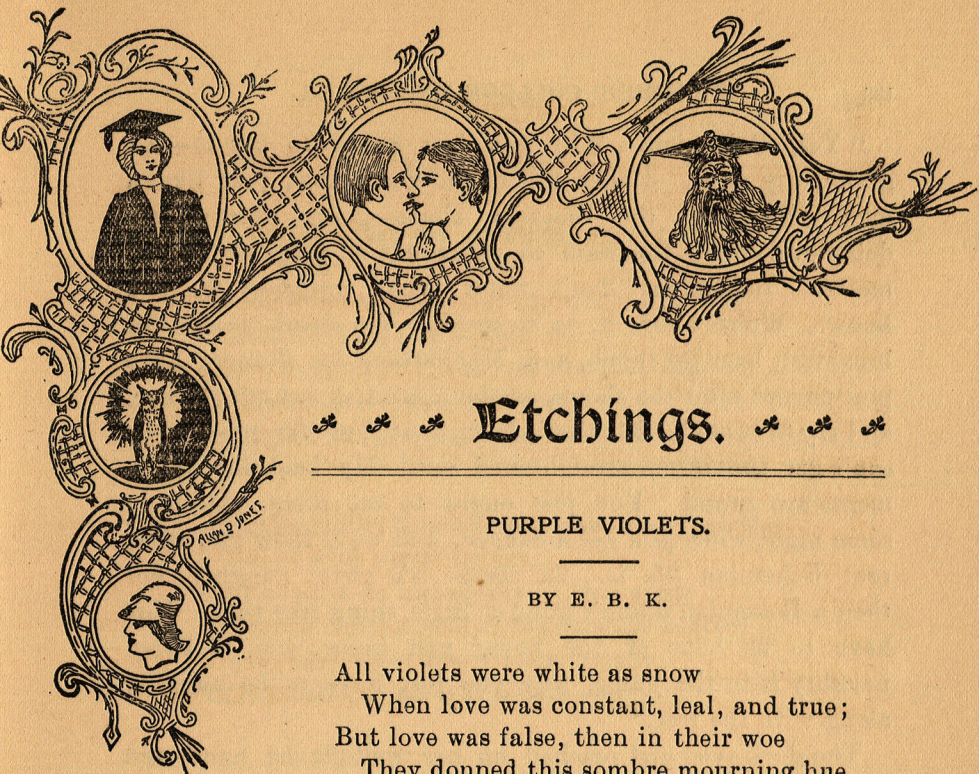
Such, too, was the education of their other great men. They were all, according to their ability and station, orators— orators not by nature nor by accident, but by education formed in a strict process of rhetorical training.

The inference to be drawn from these observations is that,

if so many of those who received an accomplished education became accomplished orators, because to become so was the one purpose of their study, then it is in the power of a much larger proportion among us to form ourselves into creditable and accurate speakers. The inference should not be denied until proved false by experiment.

Let this art be made an object of attention. Let young men train themselves to it faithfully and long, and if any of competent talents and tolerable science be found at last incapable of expressing themselves in continued and connected discourse so as to answer the ends of public speaking, then, and not till then, let it be said that a peculiar talent or natural aptitude is requisite, the want of which must render effort vain; then, and not till then, let us acquiesce in this indolent and timorous notion which contradicts the whole testimony of antiquity and all the experience of the world.





✻ ✻ ✻ Etchings. ✻ ✻ ✻

PURPLE VIOLETS.

BY E. B. K.

All violets were white as snow
 When love was constant, leal, and true;
 But love was false, then in their woe
 They donned this sombre mourning hue.

A THOROUGH BOHEMIAN.

A pale-faced blonde was seated in a trolley-car, eagerly conversing with a dark-eyed girl in a tan automobile coat. The pale-faced girl was content to look modestly neat. Not so with her companion of the dark eyes. Her coat was of the latest Parisian cut; her hat was of that extravagantly protruding type, with over-hanging masses of crimson roses, while her skirts, when she walked, had the decidedly silken swish. Numerous silver and gold articles hung from chains about her neck, and she spoke from under a mass of sable fur.

"You know, my dear, I'm a thorough Bohemian now," she was rattling on to the girl of the pale face.

"Bohemian?" echoed her companion.

"Yes, Bohemian. Why you just ought to try it—it's grand, my dear. Doing the town, you know, just like a man. Stunting the theatres alone—going everywhere, doing everything you want to, regardless of propriety in the matter. Bohemians don't know what propriety is, you know. We're above it, so to speak. We drink juleps for breakfast, beer for lunch, and Manhattans for dinner; have pint-parties after the shows, smoke cigarettes, bet, play poker, and *try* to 'cuss.' But that's been a sticker for me—I just can't get the terms straightened out. My bachelor apartments are grand. You just ought to see them. Drop in some night when you get a chance, and we'll show you what real Bohemian life is. Of course it's awful naughty, but then a Bohemian doesn't mind a little thing like that. You have to be 'one of the boys,' you know, and, if being naughty is in the game, why you just have to be naughty along with the rest."

The dark-eyed girl reached up her well-gloved hand and touched the button. There was a rustle of silken skirts, a clinking of silver trinkets, and the thorough Bohemian left the car, while the pale-faced girl only sighed and looked shocked.

A DAY!

BY W. R. O.

The dull, grey eye of shrouded night
Is shot by a bolt of red.
The wound flows out in golden light,
And day is here, instead.

The purpling streams of day, alack!
Soon blend with a sea of blue.
The cold, cold form of sable black
Is lord again, in lieu.

TWO SONGS.

BY ED. B. KENNA.

The bow sweeps slow o'er the vibrant strings,
And the magic of mystic art
Lures from the wood the strains that ring
Unsung in the master's heart,
And, wild as the song the sweet spheres know,
From the viol's heart comes the master's woe.

Sweetheart, thy love o'er my tense heart's strings
Swept with caressing art,
And a God-sent melody lived, that sings
Through the depths of my longing heart—
A song that shall live till life is done,
Till eternity, time, and we are one.





Literary Notes.



THE *Bookman* of January prints the following :

Looking over the whole range of popular fiction during the past year, we should say that, on the whole, it has been nothing astonishing. There have been a great many very admirable stories; several books have enjoyed sales which would have seemed incredibly large to the readers, authors, and publishers of ten years ago; but there has been no one book which has stood out above all others, either by reason of its popularity or of its intrinsic literary merit. As to the ultimate importance of the novels of 1900 we shall say nothing here. It is too soon. The autumn books are as yet not fairly started, and in any ranking in order of quality they would be necessarily to some extent ignored in favor of the books of last winter and of the early summer. The question of popularity, on the other hand, rests substantially upon figures, and it is rather interesting to note how the best-selling books varied from month to month. With the close of the year 1899 "David Harum," "Richard Carvel," and "When Knighthood Was in Flower" were in the full swing of their popularity. True, according to the returns which appeared in *The Bookman* for January, 1900, the first place had been taken by Mr. Ford's "Janice Meredith," but the three above mentioned were books whose sales had been large for many preceding months, and so they may be said to have been the three most popular books during the closing months of 1899. By March, however, "David Harum" had dropped back to a somewhat obscure place in the race, whereas "Janice Meredith" and "Richard Carvel" and "When Knighthood Was in Flower" sturdily maintained their positions until midsummer. A glance at the following table of the best selling books for each month during the year will, we think, prove more satisfactory and effective than any comment :

JANUARY.

1. Janice Meredith.
2. Richard Carvel.
3. When Knighthood Was in Flower.
4. David Harum.
5. Via Crucis.
6. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen.

FEBRUARY.

1. Janice Meredith.
2. Richard Carvel.
3. When Knighthood Was in Flower.
4. David Harum.
5. Via Crucis.
6. Santa Claus's Partner.

MARCH.

1. Janice Meredith.
2. Richard Carvel.
3. Red Pottage.
4. When Knighthood Was in Flower.
5. David Harum.
6. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim.

APRIL.

1. To Have and to Hold.
2. Red Pottage.
3. Janice Meredith.
4. Richard Carvel.
5. Via Crucis.
6. When Knighthood Was in Flower.

MAY.

1. To Have and to Hold.
2. Red Pottage.
3. Janice Meredith.
4. When Knighthood Was in Flower.
5. { Richard Carvel.
Gentleman from Indiana.
6. Resurrection.

JUNE.

1. To Have and to Hold.
2. Red Pottage.

3. Resurrection.
4. Janice Meredith.
5. When Knighthood Was in Flower.
6. Richard Carvel.

JULY.

1. To Have and to Hold.
2. Sophia.
3. Red Pottage.
4. Unleavened Bread.
5. Resurrection.
6. The Farringdons.

AUGUST.

1. To Have and to Hold.
2. Unleavened Bread.
3. The Heart's Highway.
4. The Redemption of David Corson.
5. The Bath Comedy.
6. Red Pottage.

SEPTEMBER.

1. The Reign of Law.
2. To Have and to Hold.
3. The Redemption of David Corson.
4. Unleavened Bread.
5. Voice of the People.
6. Philip Winwood.

OCTOBER.

1. The Reign of Law.
2. Unleavened Bread.
3. The Redemption of David Corson.
4. { To Have and to Hold
Voice of the People.
5. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box.
6. Gentleman from Indiana.

NOVEMBER.

1. The Reign of Law.
2. The Master Christian.
3. To Have and to Hold.
4. Unleavened Bread.
5. Eben Holden.
6. The Redemption of David Corson.

DECEMBER.

1. The Master Christian.
2. Eben Holden.
3. Tommy and Grizel.
4. The Redemption of David Corson.
5. The Reign of Law.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes.

From the foregoing tables some interesting comparisons may be made. It will be seen that Miss Johnston's story of Old Virginia leads in the matter of the number of appearances among the most popular books. An examination of this feature would give the following result :

Eight Times Mentioned.

To Have and to Hold.

Six Times Mentioned.

Janice Meredith, Richard Carvel, When Knighthood Was in Flower, Red Pottage.

Five Times Mentioned.

Unleavened Bread, The Redemption of David Corson.

Four Times Mentioned.

The Reign of Law.

Three Times Mentioned.

David Harum, Via Crucis, Resurrection.

Twice Mentioned.

Gentleman from Indiana, Voice of the People, The Master Christian, Eben Holden,

Once Mentioned.

Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen, Santa Claus's Partner, In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim, Sophia, The Heart's Highway, The Farringdons, The Bath Comedy, Philip Winwood, Tommy and Grizel, Alice of Old Vincennes, The Cardinal's Snuff-Box.

One of the most cheerful features of the whole matter is the fact that that growth of Americanism to which we had

occasion to refer last winter is becoming steadily more apparent. Of the seventy-five places held among the best-selling books by the novels that we have mentioned, all but fifteen are to the credit of American authors. However, some of the American authors have laid their scenes in other lands, and, of the sixty books that may be called American, only forty-nine treat of distinctly American subjects. The historical novel, despite the fact that it had already enjoyed an unusual lease of life, was, during the first six months of the year, extraordinarily popular. During the later summer and autumn months, however, it seems, in a measure, to have lost its hold. For the whole year the historical novel has been included in these lists thirty-three times, while the story of contemporaneous life has had forty-two appearances. It may also be of interest to add that, of the seventy-five times that these books are mentioned, fifty-four are to the credit of those written by men and twenty-one to the credit of those written by women.

ELEANOR—By Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

When a statement is given out by as reliable a publishing house as Harper & Brothers, that sixty-five thousand copies of a forthcoming book have been ordered in advance, we are forced to admit that a great book is likely to be the result, and that the author is a wielder of incalculable power. The publishers are Harper & Brothers, the author Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the book is "Eleanor," and the scene is laid in Italy.

About twelve years ago Mrs. Ward's first book, "Robert Elsmere," made its appearance. The book was a thesis rather than a story, and succeeded in making, possibly, no converts to agnosticism—its theme. Next we have "Marcella," a treatise of the new woman and her possibilities, and then "Helbeck of Bannisdale," a Catholic story, and now

"Eleanor," which is, upon the whole, altogether the finest thing Mrs. Ward has yet written.

To those who have, with some closeness, followed the literary career of Mrs. Ward, "Eleanor" will be a surprise, because of the gradual alteration of the author's style, and the development of her wonderful talent. The central idea of the story is not complex, nor is the plot a specially new one. The story is that of a woman with a past full of tragedy, and in whose life is dawning the first rays of happiness when the book opens. This woman is Eleanor Burgoyne, the heroine, a widow, whose husband had lacked every essential to make her happy. He and his baby son, the joy and hope of its mother, had both met untimely deaths. For eight years after this event Eleanor led a benumbed sort of existence, seeking to dull memory by varied and continuous reading. At last the wretched state of her health necessitated a change of climate, and she came to Rome for the winter, where she was thrown into close companionship with her cousin, Edward Manesty. Manesty is the principal male character of the book—in fact, the only one given any prominence. He is depicted as a man of fine personal appearance, and we revel with delight in his intellectual gifts and rich temperament. But to conceive of a more selfish, rude, and changeable character than Edward Manesty would be a difficult task, and so it is quite natural that he should have quarreled with his party, being an Englishman of political prominence. So he was in Rome for the winter—an *exile*, so to speak—and here he met Eleanor, who becomes his co-worker and adviser in the writing of a book. The volume was to be a justification of his stand on English politics, and a denunciation of the "new Italy." It was with the knowledge that the book would justify the man she loved that Eleanor threw her soul into Manesty's book, and became "his tool, his stimulus; her delicate mind the block on which he sharpened his own powers and perceptions." In return for these services, Eleanor wished to become his wife.

This is the state of affairs when Lucy Foster, an American, somewhat raw and timid, and badly dressed, and an Englishman, a friend of Manesty's University days, appear on the scene. The friend is invited to criticise the book, and his unhesitating disapproval of it at first makes Manesty violently angry, and ends by converting him to the new views. Eleanor finds herself suddenly deposed from fellow-worker and confidential adviser. She has become a stranger, a mere cypher, even a stumbling-block, since it is her suggestions that have made the book so bad; and now Manesty, who up to this time had treated Lucy Foster with as much consideration as if she were a dummy, has eyes for her, and no one else. The rest of the plot hinges on Eleanor's attempt to keep Lucy and Manesty from marrying. At first she is successful, but at last all her plans are frustrated. It is only at the close of the book that Eleanor gains control of herself, and endeavors to bring about the uniting of the two hearts she had, at one time, wished to separate. The marriage of the man she loved to Lucy Foster has been celebrated only a few months when the grass is green on the grave of the broken-hearted Eleanor.

Since the book has been written the King of Italy, to which country the book is dedicated, has fallen asleep, and a younger and, perhaps, stronger reigns in his stead. But when we catch glimpses of the life of these patriotic people of the re-united Italy, incidentally dropped into the pages of this, the most poetic and highly-wrought romance of the year, we can only rejoice that sixty-five thousand people pledged themselves, on peril of pecuniary loss, to read the book, and are glad to know that the sale of copies has reached the hundreds of thousands.

R. N. P.

WANTED, A MATCH-MAKER—By Paul Leicester Ford.

Those who are in a position to judge the taste of the novel-

reading public tell us that there is a vast number of readers who are continuously clamoring for more pleasant literature. Mr. Ford has certainly struck the hearts of such readers in his charming little novelette, "Wanted, A Match-Maker." It is the only work that has been given us by this popular author since the appearance of "Janice Meredith," which proved something of a disappointment to his many admirers, though, in the skillful hands of Mary Mannering, it is enlisting more favorable comment since placed on the stage. "Wanted, A Match-Maker" is somewhat different from anything Mr. Ford has given the public, recalling, perhaps, in its tenderness, memories of his "Story of an Untold Love."

The author succeeds in making us thoroughly love the beautiful and intense Constance Durant. She is at once loveable and admirable. The "newsy" Swot, around whom the little romance weaves itself, lacks nothing of the humanity which characterizes his "profession." Dr. Armstrong is a great character, which Mr. Ford might have used to advantage in a book of far more weight.

The circumstance of a wealthy girl who loves a poor but noble man has undoubtedly served its day among novel-writers, but, so uniquely has Mr. Ford dressed it, that we hardly recognize it in its new surroundings, all of which goes to show the dramatic skill of the author.

Something of charm has unquestionably been added by the way in which the story is published. The book is thoroughly artistic in design, while the illustrations of Howard Chandler Christy are little short of perfection in their art.





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COLLATERAL READING IN COLLEGE LIFE.

For the diligent student, who honestly desires to gather to himself from his college course the best of what is offered him, and to make that knowledge and discipline a part of his very being, there is always more or less of a battle for time to get through with all he would like to accomplish. There must be time for study, time for class-work, time for wholesome recreation and exercise, time for sleep, and time for a host of other things too numerous to mention. By a great many students no attempt whatever is made to cover so broad a field of operations, and, in that respect, they are constantly letting slip something which might be theirs for the taking, and whose irrevocable loss they will some day come to realize and to regret. But even those who conscientiously attempt to utilize the many glorious opportunities which college life opens up to them often find it absolutely necessary to let go by much of what they would like to make their own. It is needless to say that, in very many cases, the seat of the whole trouble is found in a lack of system in our ways of living. The life of the student, above all others, should be the most systematized. But we have

heard this preached energetically since the day we entered college, and it is far from our intention to enter upon a similar discussion here. Nor is it our purpose to present again the well-worn but true arguments in favor of daily exercise. It is of another sphere of the college life that we would say a word—a sphere, alas! too often utterly ignored by the best of students in the daily routine of their work—a sphere which contributes as much to the making of men of us as do the discipline in the class-room, the scientific investigation in the laboratories, and the physical training in the gymnasium and upon the track. It is a plea for broader and more general collateral reading among the students of the College that we wish to make.

Some year or more ago there appeared in *THE MESSENGER* an article dealing with the evolution of the library, from its original conception as a receptacle for knowledge in the form of books to its present condition of a work-shop, where the student may find his tools and materials at hand, and may set to work to manufacture something new, something original, something that the world (or at least his world) has never had presented to it in the same light before. It is a matter for deep regret that the methods of our own library preclude its being made such a work-shop, for surely no one will deny that the very essence of library work is to be found in its use in this capacity. But the fault, as we see it, is on the side of the students, and not the authorities. If the students manifested the interest which they should in the work of the library, the authorities would be far from standing in the way of granting them any expedient and advantageous privileges.

All written knowledge may be separated into two great classes—the literature of the day and the literature of permanence. Nor is the distinction between the wholesome and the unwholesome merely. There is a wholesome literature of the day, and there is an unwholesome literature of permanence. Nor, again, are we to despise the one for the other. Each should have its place in the lives of all of us.

It is a duty which every man owes himself and his fellow-man to keep abreast of what is going on in the world. Progress is the distinctive characteristic of the age, and each of us should be unwilling not to add something, however small, to the great onward march of progress. Up-to-dateness in college life should be one of its greatest features. What object can there be in the study of the lives of the ancients, or even in the study of the lives of our immediate ancestors, except for the light which such knowledge will throw upon our own age. What abject folly to delve into the history of the past, to the utter neglect of the history which we ourselves are daily making. The newspaper, the magazine, the fiction of the hour, are all necessities of the age. The college man who ignores them willingly places himself on the side of the ignorant and incapable.

On the other hand, what an inexcusable crime for any of us to pass by those priceless treasures which are offered to us between the covers of the more permanent book. Have you ever thought what an inestimable privilege we enjoy in having at our fingers' ends the very best thoughts of the greatest men of all ages of the world's history? And yet how many of us are utterly indifferent to that privilege. How beautifully helpful are those words of Ruskin, in his charming lecture, "Of King's Treasures," when he says that the author of a true book "would fain set it down forever—engrave it on rock, if he could—saying, 'This is the best of me; for the rest I ate and drank and slept, loved and hated like another. My life was as a vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew—this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.'"

We have a library of which we may be justly proud. We are not drawing from it those healthful, life-giving streams which it is ready to yield. We are too mindful of the humdrum of life, too forgetful of the great world about us which is pulsing with action. Shall it be imputed to us as a crime of negligence?

❁ On the Campus. ❁

SOUTHERN EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

During the holidays the Southern Educational Association held its annual meeting in this city. Quite a number of our professors attended.

On December 27th the Department of Higher Education of this Association held an important session in the College chapel. Professor Dabney, of the University of Tennessee, presided.

President Taylor, of Wake Forest College, presented a valuable paper on "College Degrees and Their Disuse." Professor Tuttle, of the University of Virginia, read an able paper on "The Educational Value of the Physical Sciences." In this paper he divided natural sciences into two groups—first, Mathematical Sciences, such as Physics and Chemistry; and, secondly, Probable Sciences, such as Botany and Biology. He emphasized the fact that since 1859 Biology has been the regnant study.

Professor Remsen, of Johns Hopkins, said that we had never yet tested the value of the physical sciences as an instrument of education. "Who would suppose that a student pursuing Latin for only one year furnishes a test of the educational value of the classics? Yet we offer a course in natural science for one year, and ask you to judge of the work of nature's study in training the mental and moral powers. You must equalize the time given to language and science in order to reach a true comparison of their educational values."

Professor Smith, of the Randolph-Macon system; Professor Stephens, of Washington and Lee, and many educators were present and took part in the program.

Mr. J. Garland Pollard is mentioned for the Constitutional Convention. We would be delighted to see him a

member of that body. He is an earnest student of public questions, and would wrestle helpfully with the great problems of political equity that will naturally arise in the convention. Some years ago Mr. Pollard published a supplement to the Code of Virginia, so that he is peculiarly fitted to occupy a seat in the great convention.

Rev. C. F. James, D. D., President of the Roanoke Female Institute, recently presented the Mu Sigma Rho Society a copy of his latest work, "The Struggles for Religious Liberty in Virginia." He was the Society's first President, under the re-organization after the war, the first to receive the Debater's Medal, and the second to receive the Writer's Medal.

Dr. E. B. Pollard, of Columbian University, spent the holidays with his father, Dr. John Pollard. Besides his duties as Professor in the University, he is a frequent and helpful contributor to the religious press, and is supplying the pulpit of the First Baptist Church, in Washington.

Dr. E. Y. Mullen, President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, at Louisville, visited Richmond College on December 12th, and conducted the chapel exercises, after which he made a brief address to the students on the general subject of education.

We have again settled down to hard work, after the pleasant holidays spent at home, and after having ushered in the twentieth century with revelries. In a few days the intermediate examinations will be on, and the midnight oil is being burnt profusely.

Professor Boatwright had an admirable article in the *Baptist Standard* a few weeks ago, on "The Century's Progress in Higher Education."

The College Y. M. C. A. has decided to hold its weekly

prayer meeting on Thursday night, instead of Wednesday, as heretofore, so as to give the use of the chapel to the Grove-Avenue congregation for their Wednesday evening service.

The editors of this department wish to express their thanks to Prof. S. C. Mitchell for the valuable service he rendered them in giving information about the alumni, as well as for other inestimable suggestions.

Prof. Harris Hart, '95, principal of the High School of Roanoke, where he is earning deserved praise as a teacher and an administrator, was in attendance at the Southern Educational Association.

Rev. B. C. Henning has resigned the charge of the Fulton Baptist Church, to accept the pastorate of the First Church, at Bristol, Va. Prof. S. C. Mitchell is supplying the Fulton Church for this month.

George P. Bagby has begun the practice of law in Baltimore. We remember him at Richmond College not only as a student of excellent ability, but also as a speaker of rare power.

W. W. Edwards, '98, was in the city Christmas, and gave us a pleasing account of the Richmond College men at Crozer.

E. S. Ligon, '98, principal of the High School in Houston, has been chosen president of the Halifax Teachers' League.

A. P. Bagby, '99, now Professor of Mathematics at St. Albans, was on the campus during the holidays.

We were very glad to have with us a few days ago Professor Whiteley, of Melbourne, Australia.

Allan Freeman, '99, was home Christmas from Johns Hopkins University.

H. C. Leonard, '00, was in the city Christmas. He is at Crozer this session.



Law Department.



Among those who passed successfully the recent State Board examination were Messrs. J. O. T. Tidler, H. G. Morrison, H. C. DeShields, and Leslie Morris. The first three gentlemen are members of this year's law class. There were thirty applicants; only eleven obtained licenses. Richmond College made an excellent showing. The gentlemen who passed ought to be especially elated over their achievement on account of the number of able men who failed, thereby showing what a severe test the examination was.

Mr. H. G. Morrison left for his home, at Gate City, where he will begin the practice of law.

Mr. G. G. Isaacs will leave shortly for his home, in Russell county, where he will practice law.

Mr. B. B. Woodson, much to the regret of his friends, has been forced to withdraw from College on account of ill health.

Examination on Volume I., Minor's Institutes, was held in the Assembly Hall January 25th.

The Law Student's Dream.

BY H. C. D.

Once upon a midnight gusty,
In a den, obscure and dusty,
With his law books, ancient, musty,
Sat a student, worn and sad.

He had studied, little sleeping,
Weary midnight vigils keeping,
Working, digging—almost weeping,
Over legal problems—bad.

Suddenly there came a vision:
'Twas not ghost, nor court's decision,
Neither was it a division
Of some lands to heirs so glad.

But he saw a paper legal
In the higher court so regal,
And in all its parts integral
Saw he questions. Was he mad?

O'er his fancy, in his seeming,
Came the fact into his dreaming,
That his head with law was teeming,
And the judges knew it not.

He was judge and they were laymen,
With his questions he would slay men,
And without the portals stay men
From the practice of the law.

Then upon his own suggestion
To each judge he put the question,
"Could you pass this question-messtion?"
And the judges all said "naw."

Then he "flunked" them all together,
Made no difference: neither whether;
Kicked them out into the weather,
In the outer weather—raw.

And the student was elated,
With revenge his heart was sated,
For the judges whom he hated
Were no longer in the law!

But the dawning chilly morning,
Found the student, stretching, yawning,
And no longer judges scorning;
Legal reasons give therefor.

Exchange Department.

Nothing is more encouraging than to discover an advance in the line of work in which one is interested. It gives us peculiar pleasure when we examine the college magazines that come to us each month to find them indicating a decided improvement. Nothing is better calculated to stimulate the students of our College in their literary efforts than the excellence that marks the productions contained in the magazines of sister colleges. Some college men are inclined to criticise severely, and not to appreciate the work done in other colleges. But we feel that this is not the case with us. It is true that we sometimes criticise severely. But we grant others the same privilege. Our aim is to encourage, and not to discourage the men who fail in their first attempts. Great writers of the past have found it necessary to commit to the waste-basket or the flames many of their first productions, or to stand by while the same was done by the publisher. The possibility of a man's efforts failing to produce such essays or poems as would be published in his college magazine ought not to prevent his making an attempt. If he fails, he has only to remember that greater men than he have done the same and afterward succeeded; while, if he succeeds in his efforts, there are men in other colleges, if not in his own, who will rejoice with him in his success.

As to the literary efforts of their students, we feel that many of our colleges are making rapid strides. We are encouraged, and shall continue to hold up the men of other colleges as criteria for our own students.

To those who would acquire a taste for literary work, we would say unhesitatingly that there is no better time to acquire that taste than while at college.

To those of our students who expect to attend the Seminary on leaving college, the *Seminary Magazine* is of special

interest. The January issue is filled with well-written articles, many of which are on deep subjects, and show plainly the superior powers of the writers. We notice with delight the articles on "Omissions" by our alumnus, C. T. Willingham. These articles, while short, are to the point. The writer knows how to "hit the nail on the head." It is gratifying, indeed, to see one of our boys starting out so well.

The *Gray Jacket* for January is worthy of notice. Its neatness and beauty give it a decided advantage over many college magazines. As to contents, besides several beautiful poems, it contains stories and essays which reflect credit upon the writers. "Portia," by M. E. H., is a very superior production, and we congratulate the writer on his style and the way in which he handles his subject.

In the *Davidson College Magazine* we notice a poem entitled "Marsr's Kitchen," which brings out rather nicely some of the darky characteristics. This poem takes up the best portion of the first page, while it is far from being the best article in the magazine. Would it not be better to follow the old maxim, "Put your best foot foremost?"

Clippings.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

O, misty mountains, you caress
And soothe my soul with loveliness!

From dome-like peaks of darker hue
To softest shades of heavenly blue;

A solemn music seems to rise
And fade away into the skies.

Your spell is on me; now transform
Me, Nature, lying on your arm.
Breathe o'er me, winds, and lull to rest
This child, upon its mother's breast.

Oh, mother, toil is worse than vain,
All labor but increases pain ;
Since I have wandered from thy side,
To follow paths of human pride.

This heart has withered and grown old,
And, like a miser with his gold,
Each gain has made me poorer still.
Dear mother, make me what you will !

—*M. D. M., in Gray Jacket.*

MY CIGARETTE.

To you, the soother of my restless mind
When weary with this endless round of toil,
To you I turn, from you I ne'er recoil,
With you alone the needed comfort find.
All clothed in spotless white, with heart so kind,
You sacrifice yourself, e'en like the oil
Which spends itself, when raging waters boil,
To calm the waves and still the cruel wind.
So you give up your spotless purity
That I may have the peace that I desire.
To you I give a crown of living fire
And ease my spirit by your agony.
How can I, dear one, ever pay this debt
To you, my comforter, my cigarette ?

—*The Red and Blue.*

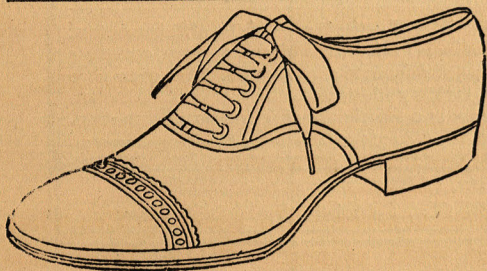
HOW BASE-BALL STARTED.

The devil was the first coacher. He coached Eve when she stole first. Adam stole second. When Isaac met

Rebekah at the well, she was walking with a pitcher, Samson struck out a good many times when he beat the Philistines. Moses made his first run when he slew the Egyptian. Cain made a base hit when he killed Abel. Abraham made a sacrifice. The prodigal son made a home run. David was a long distance thrower, and Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red Sea.—*Ex.*

“She has asked me,
 Would I help her
 With her Latin,
 'Twas so hard.
 Would I help her
 Learn to conjugate
 That old verb, ‘Disco.’
 Pretty lips so near,
 So tempting,
 Tended strongly to beguile.
 ‘*Didicissem*’?
 I should smile.”

—*Ex.*



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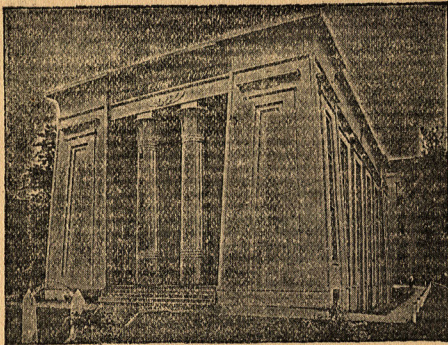
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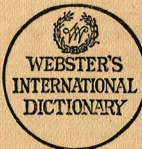
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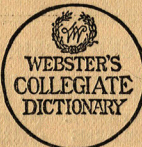


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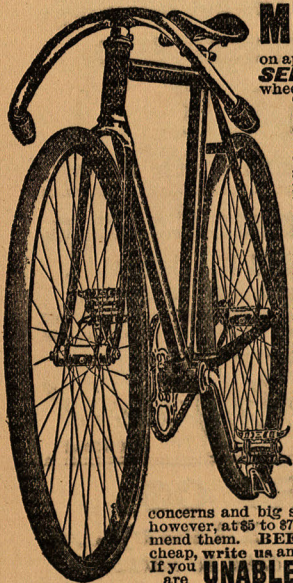
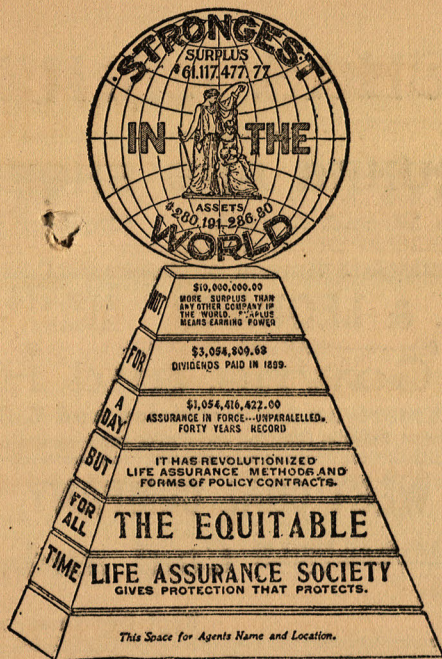


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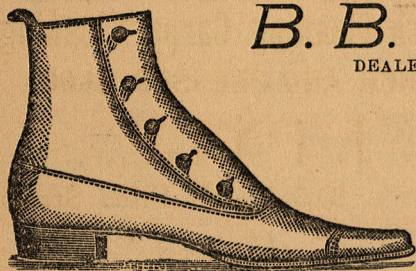
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